



the beauties of ripe bananas and fresh strawberries, he was at a disadvantage as compared with his more fluent and less self-conscious predecessor. "They say that there is a largely signed petition against the increase in fees," said Mr. Mills. "What do the people who signed that petition understand about the matter? They only consider how cheap they can get things." A round of boisterous applause from the peddlers and their adherents here convinced the speaker that he had made a bad break and given his cause away.

Mr. Polton, neatly attired in a black suit, and looking something like a city missionary or the parson of a country church, next took the stand.

"Mr. Mayor," he began, "you behold in me a grocer by profession and by birth. When I come to this country I went to the grocers and asked for a job. Did I get it? No, sir. They thought I was too old. They'd sooner employ young men, so the ability which they might have had (laughter) was directed to the peddlin' business. It's the grocers' own fault." Then Mr. Polton gave a detailed account of his experience in building up a perambulatory coal oil business, and concluded with the remark, that "what we want is FREE TRADE!" Thrill of horror through the Tory portion of his auditors.

"Mr. Thackeray will now occupy the floor and close the discussion," said the Mayor.

ALD. SWAIT—"What name, your worship?"

THE MAYOR—"Thackeray."

ALD. SWAIT—"He should be able to produce some novel arguments."

THE MAYOR—"No; I hope he won't deal in fiction."

Mr. Thackeray disclaimed sentiment, and said he came to talk business, producing an array of figures to show that the license fees in Toronto were considerably lower than in most other cities.

The general feeling was that the peddlers had rather the best of the argument.

Then the Council went into committee on the Report of the Board of Works, referred several clauses back, and passed the report of the City Engineer for the extension of Queen Street to the Indian Road, giving an entrance into High Park.

Sic transit gloria Monday evening.

DELIGHTFULLY CONSISTENT.

MR. SNIVEL (returning from church)—"What a lovely sermon on gossip. I am sure it was needed."

MRS. SNIVEL—"Yes, indeed! Did you notice old Miss Spicy? She felt the truth of it, anyhow. She'd have blushed if she'd been capable of it."

MR. SNIVEL—"There's nothing more despicable than gossip."

MRS. SNIVEL—"Quite right, dear! By the way, Henry, did you notice Mrs. Slimson in that old green and red costume? I'm getting tired of sitting behind it."

MR. SNIVEL—"I can't imagine why she persists in wearing it."

MRS. SNIVEL—"Perhaps you could if you had nothing else to wear, dear!"

POINTERS FOR PUBLICANS.

1ST SALOONIST—"Hello, Billy, how's biz?"

2ND SALOONIST—"Kinder slow, Jim, 'cept during Carnival week, of course. Now we've got to hump ourselves. Ef we could only sell Saturday nights now—"

1ST SALOONIST—"Why, what's the matter with selling Saturday nights and Sundays too? Yer don't mean to tell me you's such a chump as to close yer back door at seven, Saturday evenin'? I kin make more, be jiminy, atween Saturday afternoon an' Monday nor all the rest of the week put together."

2ND SALOONIST—"Yer don't tell me! But say, Jim, ain't yer 'fraid the cops 'll drop onto yer?"

1ST SALOONIST—"Cops nothin'! It wouldn't matter a blamed sight ef they did ketch me."

2ND SALOONIST—"Why, you'd lose yer license, sure pop."

1ST SALOONIST—"Oh, come off! Lose my license! Sum fellers is too fresh to live! Don't you know that a man *can't* lose his license these days? All they kin do is to make you sell out ef they git you a good customer, an' three thousand dollars fetches me any time."

2ND SALOONIST—"Is that a fact now? Yer ain't tryin' to stuff me nor nothin', is yer, Jimmy?"

1ST SALOONIST—"No, Billy, I'm a givin' you it straight. Look at Jim Frawley. He pounded the stuffin' outen a bloke into his bar. Did he lose his license? Nawt much! The Commissioners says they can't take it away, but that ef the Arlinton Hotel wants it bad, they's gotter give Jim three thousand."

2ND SALOONIST—"Well—well! Then the best business fur us fellers is jest to keep sellin' right along—Sundays, Saturdays and all the time, an' then ef we git caught, make 'em put up the stuff an' buy us out."

1ST SALOONIST—"That's the racket, Billy."

2ND SALOONIST—"But say, Jimmy, ain't this man Frawley a Grit heeler?"

1ST SALOONIST—"Bet yer life, Billy! He's a regular hustler from the word 'go' at election times."

2ND SALOONIST (thoughtfully)—"Well, that might make some difference, ye know. I ain't so dead sure that the thing would work the same with me and you, eh?"

1ST SALOONIST—"Come to think of it, p'raps you're right. It may be sort o' temptin' Providence fur us to take chances."

2ND SALOONIST—"But say, Jimmy, what's the matter with me and you bein' Grit heelers, if that'll make us solid?"

1ST SALOONIST—"Billy, you have a great head. That's the scheme. Then we kin run the business anyhow we darn please."

SLANG.

LORD SACKVILLE evidently picked up some American slang in Washington. As he gave away his daughter the other day to her cousin at the altar he said: "Go West, young woman, go West."